

THE
COMICAL SAYINGS
OF
PADY from CORK,

With his Coat Button'd Behind.

Being an ELEGANT CONFERENCE betwixt ENGLISH
TOM and IRISH TEAGUF; With PADY's
CATECHISM, his Opinion of Purgatory, the State of
the dead; and his Petition when a Mountain Sailor.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
HIS CRIED FOR ALL ROMISH BELIEVERS.



Stirling, Printed by C. RANDALL, 1798.

THE COMICAL SAYINGS of PADY from CORK.

PART I.

Tom. **G**OOD morrow, Sir, this is a very cold day.
Teag. Arra dear honey, yesternight was a very cold morning.

Tom. Well brother traveller, of what nation art thou?

Teag. Arra dear shoy, I come from my own kingdom.

Tom. Why sir, I know that, but where is thy kingdom?

Teag. Allilieu dear honey, don't you know Cork in Ireland.

Tom. O you fool! Cork is not a kingdom, but a city.

Teag. Then dear shoy, I am shure it is in a kingdom.

Tom. And what is the reason you have come and left your own dear country?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, by shaint Patrick, they have got such comical laws in our country, that they put a man to death in perfect health; so to be free and plain with you, neighbour, I was obliged to come away, for I did not chuse to stay among such a people that can hang a poor man when they please, if he either steals, robs, or kills a man.

Tom. Ay but I take you to be more of an honest man, than to steal, rob, or kill a man.

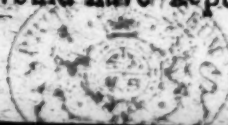
Teag. Honest, I am perfectly honest, when I was but a child, my mother would have trusted me with a house full of miln-stones.

Tom. What was the matter, was you guilty of nothing?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I did harm to nobody; but fancied an old gentleman's gun, and afterwards made it my own.

Tom. Very well, boy, and did you keep it so?

Teag. Keep it, I would have kept it with all my



K.
heart while I lived, death itself could not have parted
us, but the old rogue, the gentleman, being a justice
of the peace himself, had me tried for the rights of
it, and how I came by it, and so took it again.
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Tom. And how did you clear yourself without punishment?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I told them a parcel of lies, but they would not believe me; for I said that I got it from my father when it was a little pistol, and I had kept it till it had grown a gun, and was designed to use it well until it had grown a big cannon, and then sold it to the military. They all fell a laughing at me, as I had been a fool, and bade me go home to my mother and clean the potatoes.

Tom. And how long is it since you left your own country?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I do not mind whether it be a fournight or four months, but I think myself it is a long time; they tell me my mother is dead since, but I won't believe it, until I get a letter from her own hand, for she is a very good scholar, suppose she can neither read nor write.

Tom. Was you ever in England before?

Teag. Ay, that I was, and in Scotland too.

Tom. Well Pady, what calling was you when in Scotland?

Teag. Why Sir, I was no business at all, but what do you call the green tree that's like a whin-bush that people makes a thing to sweep the house of it?

Tom. O yes Pady, they call it a broom.

Teag. Ay, ay, you have it, then I was a gentleman's broom, only waited on his horses, and washed the dishes for the Cook; and when my master rode a hunting, I ran behind along with the dogs.

Tom. O yes Pady, it was a groom you mean, but I fancy you was cook's mate, or kitchen boy.

Teag. No, no, it was the broom that I was, and

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if I had stayed there till now, I might have been advanced as high as my master, for the ladies loved me so well that they laughed at me.

Tom. And how long did you serve that gentleman?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I was with him six weeks, and he beat me seven times.

Tom. For what did he beat you? was it for your madness and foolish tricks?

Teag. Dear thoy, it was not; but for being too inquisitive and going sharply about business. First, he sent me to the post office, to enquire if there was any letters for him; so when I came there, said I, is there any letters here for my master to day? then they asked me who was my master? sir, said I, it is very bad manners in you to ask any gentleman's name. At this they laughed, mocking me, and said they could give me none, if I would not tell my master's name: so I returned to my master, and told the impudence of the fellow, how he would give me no letters unless I would tell him your name, master. My master at this flew in a great passion, and kick't me down stairs, saying, Go you rogue, and tell my name directly, how can the gentleman give letters, when he knows not who is asking for them? Then I returned and told my master's name, so they told me there was one for him, I looked at it being but very small, and asking the price of it, they told me it was sixpence: sixpence, said I, will you take sixpence for that small thing, and selling bigger ones for twopence: faith I am not such a big fool; you think to cheat me, now, this is not a conscionable way of dealing, I'll acquaint my master of it first; so I came and told my master how they would have sixpence for his letter, and was selling bigger ones for twopence: he took up my head and broke his cane with it, calling me a thousand fools, saying, the man was more just than to take any thing but the right for it: but I was sure there was

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none of the right buying and selling such dear pennyworths : so I came again for my dear sixpence letter ; and as the fellow was shuffling through a parcel of them, seeking for it again, to make the best of a dear market, I pickt up two, and home I comes to my master, thinking he would be well pleased with what I had done, now, said I, master, I think I have put a trick on them fellows for selling the letters so dear to you : What have you done ? said he ; said I, I've only taken other two letters ; here's one for you, master, to help your dear pennyworth, and I'll send the other to my mother to see whether she be dead or alive, for she's always angry I don't write to her : I had not the word well spoken, till he got up his stick and beat me heartily for it, and sent me back to the fellows again with the two ; I had very ill will to go, but no body would buy them of me by the way.

Tom. A well Pady, I think you was to blame, and your master too, for he ought to have taught you how to have gone about these affairs and not beat you so.

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I had too much wit of my own to be taught by him, or any body else, he began to instruct me after that, how I should serve the table, and such nasty things as those ; one night I took ben a roasted fish in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other, the old gentleman was so saucy he would not take it, and told me, I should bring nothing to him without a trencher below it : the same night as he was going to bed, he called for his slippers and a pish-pot, so I clapt in a trencher below the pish-pot, and another below the slippers, and ben I goes, one in every hand ; no sooner did I enter the room, than he threw the pish-pot at me, which broke both my head and the pish-pot at one blow : now, said I, the devil is in my master altogether, for what he commands at one time, he countermands at another. Next day I went with him to the market to

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buy a sack of potatoes, I went unto the potatoe-monger, and asked him what he took for the full of a Scotch cog, he weighed them in, he asked no less than fourpence; fourpence, said I, if I were but in Dublin, I could get the full of it for nothing, and in Cork and Kinsale far cheaper; them is but small things like pease, said I, but the potatoes in my country is, as big as your head, fine meat, all made up in blessed mouthfuls; the potatoe-merchant called me a liar, and my master called me a fool, so the one fell a kicking me, and the other a cuffing me, I was in such bad bread between them, that I called myself both a liar and a fool to get off alive.

Tom. Why did you not leave him, when he used you so badly?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I could never think to leave him while I could eat, he gave me so many good victuals, and promised to prefer me to be his own bone-picker: but, by shaint Patrick, I had to run away with my life or all was done, else I had lost my dear shoul and body too by him, and then I came home much poorer than I went away. The great big bitch-dog, that was my master's best beloved, put in his head into a pitcher to lick out some milk, and when it was in he could not get it out, and I, to save the pitcher, got the hatchet and cut off the dog's head, and then I had to break the pitcher before I got out the head, by this I lost both the dog and the pitcher. My master, hearing of this, swore he would cut the head off me, for the poor dog was made useless, and could not see to follow any body for want of his eyes: and when I heard of this, I ran away with my own head, for if I had wanted it, I had lost my eyes too, then I would not have seen the road to Port Patrick through Glen-nap, but, by shaint Patrick, I came home alive in spite of them all.

Tom. O rarely done Pady, you behav'd like a man,

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but what is the reason that you Irish people swear always by shaint Patrick, what is he this shaint Patrick?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, he was the best shaint in the world, the father of all good people in the kingdom, he has a great kindness for an Irishman, when he hears him calling on his name; he was the first that sowed the pot-toes in Ireland, for he knew it was a bit of good fat ground, it being a gentleman's garden before Noah's flood.

Tom. But dear Paddy is shaint Patrick yet alive, that he hears the Irish people when they speak of his name?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I don't know whether he be dead or alive, but it is a long time since they killed him, the people turned all heathens, but he would not change his profession, and was going to run the country with it, and for taking his gospel away to England, so the barbarous Tories of Dublin cutted off his head, and what do you think he did when his head was off?

Tom. What could a dead man do you fool?

Teag. Dead, faith he was not such a big fool as to die yet, he swimm'd over to England after this, and brought his head along with him.

Tom. And how did he carry his head and swim too?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, he carried his head in his teeth.

Tom. No Paddy, it won't hold; I must have caution for that.

Teag. If you won't believe it, I'll swear it over again.

PART II.

Tom. **A**ND how did you get safe out of Scotland at last?

Teag. By the law, dear honey, when I came to Port-Patrick, and saw my own kingdom, I thought I

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was safe at home, but I was clean dead and almost drowned before I could get riding over the water; for I, with nine or ten passengers more, leapt into a little young boat, having but four men dwelling in a little house, in the one end of it, which was all thacked with deals; and after they had pulled up her teather-stick, and laid her long halter over her mane, they pulled up a long big sheet like three pair of blankets to the rigger of the house, and the wind blew in that, which made her gallop up one hill and down another, till I thought she would have run to the world's end, if some part of the world had not catch't her by the foot.

Tom. I fancy, Pady, you was by this time very sick.

Teag. Sick, ay sick beyond all sickness, clean dead as a door-nail; for, as I had lost the key of my back-side, I bock'd up the very bottom of my belly, and I thought that liver and lungs, and all that I had should have gone together; then I called to the fellow that held by her tail behind, to pull down his sheet and hold her head, till I got leisure to die, and then say my prayers.

Tom. Well then, Pady, and got you safe ashore at last?

Teag. Ay, we came ashore very fast: but, by thaint Patrick, I shall never venture my dear shoul and body in such a young boat again, while the wind blows out of Scots Galloway.

Tom. Well Pady, and where did you go when you came to Ireland again?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, and where did I go, but to my own dear cousin, who was now become very rich by the death of the old buck his father: who died but a few weeks before I went over, and the parish had to bury him out of pity, it did not cost him a farthing.

Tom. And what entertainment or good usage did you get there, Pady?

Teag. O my dear shoy, I was kindly used as another gentleman, for I told him I had made something of it, by my travels, as well as himself, but I had got no money, therefore I had to work for my victuals while I staid with him.

Tom. Ho, poor Pady, I suppose you would not stay long there.

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I could have staid here long enough, but when a man is poor, his friends think little of him: I told him I was going to see my brother Harry: Harry, said he, Harry is dead; dead, said I, and who killed him? Why, said he, death: Allelieu, dear honey, and where did he kill him, said I? In his bed, said he. O what for a cowardly action was that, said I, to kill a man in his bed: and what is this fellow death, said I? What is he, He is one that kills more than the head butcher in all Cork does. Arra, dear honey, said I, if he had been on Newry mountains with his brogs on, and his broad sword by his side, all the deaths in Ireland had not killed him: O that impudent fellow death, if he had let him alone till he had died for want of butter milk and potatoes, I am sure he would have lived all the days of his life.

Tom. In all your travels, when abroad, did you never see none of your countrymen, to inform you of what happened at home concerning your relations?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I saw none but Tom Jack one day on the street; but when I came to him, it was not him but one just like him.

Tom. On what account did you go a travelling?

Teag. Why, a recruiting serjeant listed me to be a captain, and after all advanced me no higher than a soldier itself, but only he called me his dear countryman recruit; for I did not know what the regi-

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ment was when I saw them, I thought they were all gentlemen's sons and colleageoners, when I saw a box like a bible upon their bellies; until I saw G. for King George upon it, and R. for G—d blefs him: ho, ho, said I, I shan't be long here.

Tom. O then Pady, you deserted from them.

Teag. Ay that's what I did, and run to the mountains like a wild buck, and ever since when I see any soldiers I close my eyes, lest they should look and know me.

Tom. And what exploits did you do when you was a soldier?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I killed a man.

Tom. And how did you that?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, when he dropt his sword, I drew mine, and advanced boldly to him, and then cutted off his foot.

Tom. O then what a big fool was you; for you ought first to have cut off his head.

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, his head was cutted off before I engaged him, else I had not done it.

Tom. O then Pady, you acted like a fool; but you are not such a big fool as many take you to be, you might pass for a philosopher.

Teag. A fulusifair, my father was a fulusifair, besides he was a man under great authority by lay, condemning the just and clearing the guilty: do you know how they call the horse's mother?

Tom. Why they call her a mare.

Teag. A mare, ay very well minded, by shaint Patrick, my father was a mare in Cork.

Tom. And what riches was left you by the death of your mother?

Teag. A bad luck to her old barren belly, for she lived in great plenty, and died in great poverty: devouring up all or she died, but two hens and a pock-

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ful of potatoes, a poor estate for an Irish gentleman, in faith.

Tom. And what did you make of your hens and potatoes, did you sow them?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I sowed them in my belly, and sold the hens to a cadger.

Tom. And what business did your mother follow after?

Teag. Greatly in the merchant way.

Tom. And what sort of goods did she deal in?

Teag. Dear honey, she went through the country and sold small fishes, onions and apples: bought hens and eggs, and then hatched them herself. I remember of one long necked cock she had of an over-sea brood, that stood on the midden and picked all the stars out of the north-west, so they were never so thick there since.

Tom. Now Pady, that's a bull surpasses all: but is there none of that cock's offspring alive in Ireland now?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I don't think that there are, but it is a pity but they had, for they would fly with people above the sea, which would put the use of ships out of fashion, and then there would be nobody drowned at sea at all.

Tom. Very well Pady: but in all your travels did you ever get a wife?

Teag. Ay that's what I did, and a wicked wife too.

Tom. And what is become of her now?

Teag. Dear shoy, I can't tell whether she is gone to Purgatory, or the parish of Pig-trantum; for she told me she would certainly die the first opportunity she could get, as this present evil world was not worth the waiting on, so she would go and see what good things is in the world to come; and so when that old rover called the Fever, came raging like a madman over the whole kingdom, knocking the people on the head with deadly blows, she went away and died

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out of spite, leaving me with nothing but two motherless children.

Tom. O but, Pady, you ought to have gone to a doctor, and got some pills and physick for her.

Teag. By shaint Patrick, I had as good a pill of my own as any doctor in the kingdom could give her, and as for sneeshing, she could never use snuff nor tobacco in her life.

Tom. O you fool, that is not what I mean; you ought to have brought the doctor to feel her pulse, and let blood of her if he thought it needful.

Teag. Yes, yes, that's what I did; for I ran to the doctor whenever she died, and sought something for a dead or dying woman; the old foolish d—I was at his dinner, and began to ask me some dirty questions, which I answered distinctly.

Tom. And what did he ask, Pady?

Teag. Why he asked me, How did my wife go to stool? to which I answered, the same way that other women go to a chair: no, said he, that's not what I mean, how does she purge? Arra, Mr. Doctor, said I, all the fire in purgatory won't purge her clean; for she has ^{both a cold and stinking breath.} Sir, said he, that is not what I ask you, whether does she sh—t thick or thin? Arra, master-doctor, said I, it is sometimes so thick and hard that you may take it in your hand, and eat it like a piece of cheese or pudding, and at other times you may drink it, or sup it with a spoon. At this he flew in a most terrible rage, and kicked me down stairs, and would give me nothing to her, but called me a dirty scoundrel, for speaking of sh—t before ladies.

Tom. And was you sorry when your wife died?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, if any body had beat me, I was fit to cry myself.

Tom. And in what good order did you bury your wife when she died?

Teag. O my dear shoy, she was buried in all manner of pomp, pride, and splendor; a fine coffin with cords in it, and within the coffin along with herself, she got a pair of new brogs, a penny candle, a good hard headed old hammer, with an Irish fixpenny piece, to pay her passage at the gate, and what more could she look for.

Tom. I really think you gave her enough along her, but you ought to have cried for her, if it was no more but to be in the fashion.

Teag. And why should I cry without sorrow, when we hired two criers to cry all the way before her to keep in the fashion.

Tom. And what do they cry before a dead woman?

Teag. Dear Tom, if you don't know I'll tell you, when any dies, there is a number of criers goes before, saying, *Laff, fuff, allelieu* dear honey, what aileth thee to die! it was not for want of good butter milk and potatoës.

P A R T III.

Tom. **WELL** Pady, and what did you do when your wife died, was you sorry or did you weep for her?

Teag. Weep for her: by shaint Patrick I would not weep nor yet be sorry suppose my own mother, and all the women in Ireland had died seven years before I was born.

Tom. What did you do with your children when she died?

Teag. And what should I make of them, do you imagine that I should give them into the hands of the butchers, as they had been a parcel of young hogs: by shaint Patrick, I had more unnaturality in me, than put them in any hospital, as others do.

Tom. No, I suppose you would leave them with your friends.

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Teag. Ay, ay, a poor man's friends is sometimes worse than a profest enemy; the best friend I ever had in the world, was my own pocket while my money lasted: but I left my two babes between the priest's door and the parish church, because I thought it was a place of mercy, and then set out for England in quest of another fortune.

Tom. And where did you take shipping?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I came to a country village called Dublin, as big a city as any market town in all England, where I got myself on board of a little young boat, with a parcel of fellows, and a long leather bag, I supposed them to be tinkers, until I asked what they carried in that leather sack; they told me it was the English mail they were going over with: then said I, is the milns so scant in England, that they must send over their corn to Ireland to grind it; the comical cunning fellows persuaded me it was so; then I went down to a little house below the water, hard by the rigg-back of the boat, and laid me down on their leather sack, where I slept myself almost to death with hunger. And dear Tom, to tell you plainly, when I awak'd I did not know where I was, but thought I was dead and buried, for I found nothing all around me but wooden walls and timber above.

Tom. And how did you come to yourself, to know where you was, at last?

Teag. By the law, dear shoy, I scratched my head in a hundred parts, and then set me down to think upon it, so I minded it was my wife that was dead, and not me, and that I was alive in the young post-boat, with the fellows that carries over the English meal from the Irish milns.

Tom. O then Pady, I am sure you was glad when you found yourself alive?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I was very sure I was alive,

but I did not think to live long, so I thought it was better for me to steal and be hang'd, than to live all my days, and die directly with hunger at last.

Tom. What, had you no meat nor money along with you?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I gave all my money to the captain of the house, or goodman of the ship, to carry me into the sea, or over to England, and when I was like to eat my old brogues for want of victuals, I drew my hanger and cut the lock off their leather sack, thinking to get a lick of their meal; but allelieu, dear shoy, I found nothing, meal nor seeds, but a parcel of papers and letters, a poor morsel for a hungry man!

Tom. And how did you come to get victuals at last?

Teag. Allelieu, dear honey, the thoughts of meat and drink, death and life, and every thing else, was out of my mind, I had not a thought but one.

Tom. And what was that, Pady?

Teag. To go down among the fishes and become a whale; then I would have lived an easy life all my days, having nothing to do but drink salt water, and eat caller oysters.

Tom. What, Pady, was you like to be drown'd again?

Teag. Ay, ay, drown'd, as cleanly drown'd as a fish, for the sea blew very loud, and the wind ran so high, that we were all cast away safe on shore, and not one of us drown'd at all.

Tom. Well Pady, what business did you follow after in England when you was so poor?

Teag. What sir, do you imagine I was poor when I came cy-r on such an honourable occasion as to list, and bring myself to no preferment at all. As I was an able bodied man in the face, I thought to be made a brigadier, a grenadeer, or a fuzeleer, or even one

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of them blue gowns, that holds the fiery stick to the bung hole of the big cannons, when they let them off, to fright away the French: I was as sure as no man alive ere I came from Cork, the least preferment I could get, was to be riding-master to a regiment of marines, or one of the black horse itself.

Tom. Well Pady, you seem to be a very clever little man, to be all in one body, what height are you?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I am five foot nothing all but one inch.

Tom. And where in England was it you listed?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I was going thro' that little country village, the famous city of Chester, the streets was very sore by reason of the hardness of my feet, and lameness of my brogs, so I went but very slowly a-croß the streets, from port to port is a pretty long way, but I being weary thought nothing of it: then the people came all crowding to me as I had been a world's wonder, or the wandering Jew; for the rain blew in my face, and the wind wetted all my belly, which caused me to turn the backside of my coat before, and my buttons behind, which was a good safe-guard to my body, and the starvation of my naked body; as I had not a good shirt.

Tom. I am sure then, Pady, they would take you for a fool.

Teag. No, no, sir, they admired me for my wisdom, for I always turned my buttons before, when the wind blew on behind, but I wondered greatly how the people knew my name, and where I came from; for every one told another, that was Pady from Cork; I suppose they knew my face by seeing my name in the news-papers.

Tom. Well, Pady, what business did you follow in Chester?

Teag. To be sure I was not idle, working at nothing at all, until a decruiting serjeant came to town,

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with two or three fellows along with him, one beating on a fiddle and another playing on a drum, tossing their airs thro' the street, as if they were going to be married; and I saw them courting none but young men; so to bring myself to no preferment at all, I list'd for a soldier because I was too high for a grandedeer.

Tom. And what list'ing money did you get, Pady?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I got five thirteens and a pair of English brogs; the guinea and the rest of the gold was sent away to London, to the King my master, to buy me new shirts, a cockade, and common treasing for my hat, they made me swear the malicious oath of devilrie against the King, the colours, and my captain, telling me if ever I desert and not run away, that I should be shot, and then whipt to death, through the regiment.

Tom. No, Pady. It is first whipt and then shot you mean.

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, it is all one thing at last, but it is best to be shot, and then whipt, the cleverest way to die I'll warrant you.

Tom. How much pay did you get, Pady?

Teag. Do you know the little fat tall serjeant that feed me to be a soldier?

Tom. And how should I know them I never saw, you fool?

Teag. Dear shoy, you may know him whether you see him or not; for his face is all bor'd in big holes with the small pox, his nose is the colour of a lobster-toe, and his chin like a well washen potatoe: he's the biggest rogue in our kingdom, you'll know him when he cheats you, and the wide world: and another mark, he dights his mouth before he drinks, and blows his nose before he takes a snuff; the rogue height me a sixpence a day, kill or no kill: and when I laid Sunday and Saturday both together, and

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all the days in one day, I can't make a penny above fivepence. of it.

Tom. You should have kept an account, and ask'd your arrears once a month.

Pady. That's what I did, but he read a pater noster out of his prayer-book, wherein all our names are written; so much for a stop hold to my gun, to buckles, to a pair of comical harn hose, with leather buttons from top to toe; and worst of all, he would have no less than a peany a week to a doctor; arra, said I, I never had a sore finger, nor yet a sick toe, all the days of my life, then what have I to do with the doctor, or the doctor to do with me?

Tom. O then Pady, how did you end the matter?

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, by the mights of shaint Patrick, and help of my own brogs, I both ended it, and mended it, for the next night before that, I gave them leg-bail for my fidelity, and then went about the country a fortune-teller, dumb and deaf as I was not.

Tom. How old was you, Pady, when you was a soldier last?

Pady. Arra, dear honey, I was three dozen all but two, and it is only but two years since, so I want only four years of three dozen yet, and when I live six dozen more, I'll be older than I am, I'll warrand you.

Tom. O but, Pady, by your account, you are three dozen of years old already.

Pady. O what for a big fool are you now, Tom, when you count the years I lay sick; which time I count no time at all.

A NEW CATECHISM, &c.

Tom. **O**F all the opinions professed in religion, tell me now, Pady, of what profession art thou?

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, my religion was too

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weighty a matter to carry out of my own country; I was afraid that you English Presbyterians should pluck it away from me

Tom. What, Pady, was your religion such a load that you could not carry it along with you?

Pady. Yes that it was, but I carried it always about with me when at home, my sweet cross upon my dear breast, bound to my dear button-hole.

Tom. And what manner of worship did you perform by that?

Pady. Why I adored my cross, the pope, and the priest, cursed Oliver as black as a crow, and swears myself a cut-throat against all Protestants and church of Englandmen.

Tom. And what is the matter, but you would be a church of Englandman, or a Scotch Presbyterian yourself, Pady?

Pady. Because it is unnatural for an Irishman, but had shaint Patrick been a Presbyterian, I had been the same.

Tom. And for what reason would you be a Presbyterian then, Pady?

Pady. Because they have a liberty to eat flesh in lent, and every thing that's fit for the belly.

Tom. What, Pady, are you such a lover of flesh, that you would change your profession for it?

Pady. O yes, that's what I did, I love flesh of all kinds, sheep's beef, swine's mutton, hare's flesh, and hen's venison; but our religion is one of the hungriest in all the world, ah! but it makes my teeth to weep, and my belly to water, when I see the Scotch Presbyterians and English church-men, in time of lent, feeding upon bull's bastards and sheep's young children.

Tom. Why Pady, do you say that the bull is a fornicator, and gets bastards?

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, I never saw the cow and her husband, all the days of my life, nor yet before

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I was born, going to the church to be married, and what then can his sons and daughters be but bastards?

Tom. O Pady, Pady, the cow is but a cow, but and so are you: but what reward will you get when you are dead, for punishing your belly so while you are alive?

Pady. By shaint Patrick I will live like a king when I am dead, for I will neither pay for meat nor drink.

Tom. What, Pady, do you think that you are to come alive again when you are dead?

Pady. O yes, we that are true Roman Catholicks, we will live a long time after we are dead; when we die in love with the priests, and the good people of our profession.

Tom. And what assurance can your priests give you of that?

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, our priest is a great shaint, and a good shoul, who can repeat a pater-noster, and Ave Maria, which will fright the very horned devil himself, and make him run for it, until he be like to fall and break his neck.

Tom. And what does he give you when you are dying that makes you come alive again?

Pady. Why he writes a letter upon our tongues, sealed with a wafer, gives us a sacrament in our mouth, with a pardon, and direction in our right hand, who to call for, at the ports of purgatory.

Tom. And to whom do they direct the dead?

Pady. Why the English Romans when they die are all directed to shaint George, the Scots to shaint Andrew, the Welch to shaint David, and our own dear countrymen must every shoul of them go to shaint Patrick, but them that have no money to pay the priest for a pardon, and those that are drown'd or die by themselves in the fields without a priest, is left, and sent away as black-guard scoundrels, to wander up and down while the world stands, among

the brownies, fairies, mermaids, sea-devils, and water-kelpies.

Tom. And what money design you to give the priests for your pardon?

Pady. Dear shoy, I wish I had first the money he would take for it, I would rather drink it myself, and then give him both my bill and my honest word, payable in the other world.

Tom. And how then are you to get a passage to the other world, or who is to carry you there?

Pady. O my dear shoy Tom, you know nothing of the matter; for, when I die, they will bury my body, flesh, blood, dirt and bones, only my skin will be blown up full of wind and spirit, my dear shoul I mean; and then I will be blown over to the other world, on the wings of the wind; and after that I shall never be kill'd, hang'd nor drown'd, nor yet die in my bed, for when any hits me a blow, my new body will play buff upon it like a bladder.

Tom. But what way will you go to that new world, or where is it?

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, the priest knows where it is, but I do not, but the Pope of Rome keeps the outer port, shaint Patrick the inner port, and gives us a direction of the way to shaint Patrick's palace, which stands on the head of the Stagian loch, where I'll have no more to do but chap at the gate.

Tom. What is the need for chapping at the gate, is it not always open?

Pady. Dear shoy, you know little about it. for there is none can enter there but red-hot Irishmen, when I call, "Allelieu, dear honey, shaint Patrick, countenance your own dear conntrymen, if you will." Then the gates will be opened directly to me, for he knows and loves an Irishman's voice, as he loves his own heart.

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Tom. And what entertainment will you get when you are in?

Pady. O my dear, we are all kept there until a general review, which is commonly once in the week; and then we are drawn up, like as many young recruits, and all the black-guard scoundrels is pickt out of the ranks, and one half of them is sent away to the Elysian fields, to curry the weeds from among the potatoes, the other half of them to the river Sticks, to catch fishes for shaint Patrick's table; and all of them that is owing the priests any money, is put in the black-hole, and then given into the hands of a great black bitch of a devil which they keep for a hangman, who whips them up and down the smoaky dungeon every morning for six months, then holds their bare back-side to a great fire, until their hips be all in one blister, and after all they are sent away to the poor parish of Pigtrantum, where they'll get nothing to eat but cold sowens, burgue, and butter milk.

Tom. And where does your good people go when they are separated from the bad?

Pady. And where would you have them to go, but unto shaint Patrick's palace, and then they may go down the back stairs into the garden of Eden, now called Paradise: ah! my dear shoy, this is the real fundamental truths of our Romish Religion, and a deep doctrine it is, but your Presbyterians and English church-men will not believe it, and, by shaint Patrick, neither can I, until I see more of it come to pass.

Tom. And what manner of life does your priest order you to live in the world to come?

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, if I had money enough to buy pardons from our priest, I might commit all the lies forbidden in the holy books, as he gives them a

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toleration to lie and cheat all the world, but those of our own profession.

Tom What, Pady, are not you to do as much justice to a Protestant as a Papist?

Pady. O my dear shoy, the most justice we are commanded to do to a Protestant, is to whip and torment them until they confess themselves in the Romish Faith, and then cut their throats that they may die believers.

Tom. And what business do you follow after at present?

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, I am a mountain sailor, and my supplication is as follows:

PADY'S HUMBLE PETITION, OR SUPPLICATION.

GOOD Christian people, behold me a man! who has com'd thro' a world of wonders, a hell full of hardships, dangers by sea, and dangers by land, and yet I am alive, you may see my hand crooked like a fowl's foot, and that is no wonder at all, considering my sufferings and sorrows: Oh! oh! oh! good people, I was a man in my time who had plenty of the gold, plenty of the silver, plenty of the clothes, plenty of the butter, the beer, beef and biscuit. And now, now I have nothing: being taken by the Turks, and relieved by the Spaniards, lay fifty-six days at the siege of Gibraltar, and got nothing to eat but sea wreck and raw mussels; then put to sea for our safety, cast upon the Barbarian coast, among the woeful wicked Algerines, where we were taken, and tied with tugs and tadders, horse locks and cow chains; then cut and castrate yard and testicles quite away, if you will not believe it, put in your hand and feel how every female's made smooth by the sheer-bone, where nothing is to be seen but what is natural. Then made our escape to the desert wild wilderness of Arabia; where we lived amongst

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the wild asses, upon wind, sand, and sapless ling. After and put to sea in the hull of an old house; where we were tossed above and below the clouds, being driven thro' thickets and groves by fierce, courte, calm and contrary winds; at last, was cast away upon Salisbury Plains, where our vessel was dash'd to pieces against a cabbage stock. And now my humble petition to you good Christian people is, for one hundred of your beef, one hundred of your butter, another of your cheese, a cask of your bisket, a tun of your beer, a bag of your rum, with a pipe of your wine, a lump of your gold, a piece of your silver, a few of your halfpence or farthings, a waught of your butter-milk, a pair of your old breeches, stockings, or shoes, even a chew of tobacco for charity's sake.

A CREED FOR ROMISH BELIEVERS.

I Believe the Pope of Rome, to be the right heir and true successor of Peter the Apostle, and that he has a power above the kings of the world, being spiritual and temporal; endowed with a communica-

* *i. e.* or bring up any departed soul * he a devil in its pleases, even as the woman of Endor brought up Samuel to Saul, by the

same power he can, assisted by the enchantments of old Marcellah a king in Israel. I believe also in the Romish priests, that they are very civil chaste gentlemen, keep no wives of their own, but partake a little of other men's when in secret confession. I acknowledge the worshipping of images and relicks of thaints departed to be very just; but if they hear, and not help us, O they are but a parcel of ungrateful wretches.

FIN I S.

